

A N E L E G I E

U P O N

The most Pious and EMINENT,
Doctor *J O H N H E W I T T*.

I.

Nature and Reason both do plainly show,
After an Ebb we must expect a Flow :
Our late Experience makes this Maxime good,
A Flood of Tears succeeds an Ebb of Blood.
H E W I T T's departure makes a Tempest rise,
His ebbing Body left us flowing Eyes.

II.

Come then, my Muse, let's labour to distill
Thorough the Limbeck of my mourning Quill
Such hearty Tears, that truly may invite
A Zealot to a perfect appetite
Of Love and Pity; and let those that never
Knew how to weep, now learn to weep for ever.

III.

But stay, my Genius, will these capricious Times
Indure the touch of our Elegiac Rimes
Without a prejudice? Be therefore
This Age has reaching Ears, and let them know
If thou offendest, my Muse, I'll be the first
To charge it on thee, and not on me.

IV.

Since he is dead, report it thou, my Muse,
Unto the World as Grief, and not as News.
Hark how Religion sighs, the Pulpit groans,
And Tears run trickling down the senseless stones!
That Church which was all Ears, is now turn'd Eyes,
The Mother weeps, and all her Children cries.

V.

Does *Rachel* mourn? Oh blame her not, for she
Has lost her Darling in his Infancy!
She looks upon it as a signal Cross,
But knows that he has gained by her loss.
She grieves, and hopes her griefs are understood,
Her Children that suck'd Milk, may now suck Blood.

VI.

But hark! there's something whispers in my ear,
A Famine in Religion now grows near;
Her Zeal-parch'd Corn hangs down it's drooping head,
And turns to dirt, which might have prov'd good Bread.
How sad it is, that Children must not eat:
Religion will finde Mouthes, but where's the Meat?

VII.

Ah sanguine dayes! When such tall Cedars fall,
Danger draws near, and threatens Shrubs and all.
The senseless Ax, that nothing understood,
Cut off his Life, and dy'd it self in Blood. (stand
When *Troy* was burnt, the neighb'ring Towns did
Expecting then their doom was near at hand.

VIII.

'Twas He, whose careful Zeal, and zealous Care
Was always lab'ring duly to prepare
Religious Vands, that his Flock might be
Not pamper'd, but well fed with Charity:
But now, Ah now, he's willingly retir'd
Where he'll be blest, as he was here admir'd!

IX.

Blest Soul! Since thy unhappy-happy Fate
Hath so soon made thee more than fortunate,
I will surcease my grief, and onely shed
Some reall drops, onely because th'art dead.
'Tis Nature, not Religion, makes us weep:
Manners forbids a noise whilst friends do sleep.

X.

No more, my Muse, it is enough we know
He is transplanted from this World below
Unto a glorious Mansion, in whose Quire
There is no fear of Plots, nor thoughts of Fire.
That Court of Justice periods all his strife,
And gives what here he lost; I mean, New Life.

F I N I S.